

Northwest Missourian

LITERARY
ISSUE

NORTHWEST MISSOURI STATE COLLEGE

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Maryville, Missouri

April 4, 1962

Officials Expect Increase In MU-NWMSC Grad Program

Dean L. G. Townsend, director of college of education at the University of Missouri, visited the NWMSC campus March 20 and announced that he was pleased with the progress the cooperative graduate plan was making.

Good Cooperation

Dean Townsend further commented that the University of Missouri appreciates the cooperation that NWMSC is giving them in this program.

This summer the officials at NWMSC and MU are anticipating an increase of students over last summer. Last summer there were approximately 100 students taking part in the program.

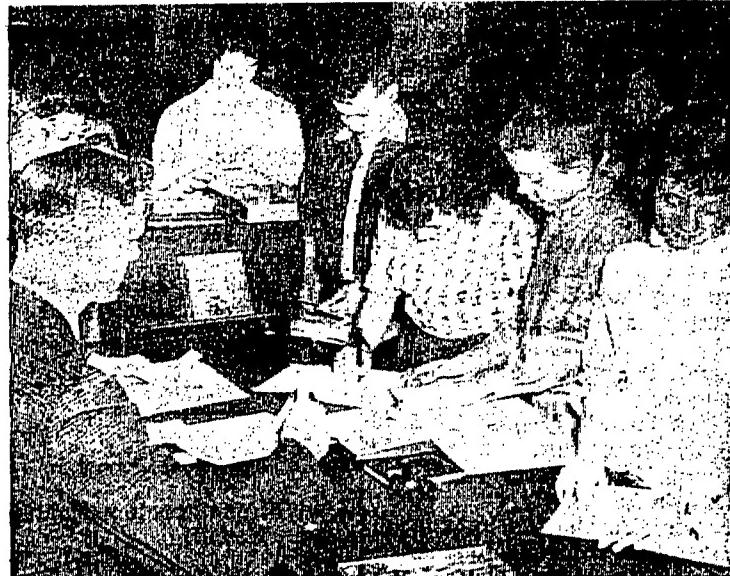
Out of the one hundred students last summer, eighty were in the cooperative program and only twenty were being phased out of the NWMSC program. This summer approximately a half dozen students are expected to be in the graduate program of NWMSC and all others will be in the cooperative program.

Dean Miller Announces

Dr. Leon Miller, dean of instruction, announced that some twenty-eight courses will be offered this summer which will provide graduate credit from the University of Missouri.

Registration will begin at 8 a.m., Wednesday, June 6, in the Lamkin gymnasium. The fee for the full program is \$55. There is no additional fees for out-of-state students. Nine semester hours is considered a full load.

Lab School 6th Graders Work on Library Project



The Horace Mann sixth grade students began a concentrated unit of library instruction Monday, February 5, under the supervision of Miss El Virga Denning, librarian, and Mrs. Avis Graham, sixth grade supervisor.

During the program, each student has had the opportunity to assist in the Horace Mann library, as well as helping to set up and maintain a room library in the sixth grade. The students have also

Jazz Group Plans Concert

Mr. Earle Moss, directing the NWMSC Progressive Jazz Group, will present a concert in the auditorium, April 11, at 8 p.m.

The admission free program will feature soloists; Jim Litsch, trumpet; Steve Smay, sax; J. C. Combs, percussion; and Judy Cole, vocalist.

Music for the evening will include compositions by Mr. Moss, as well as standard arrangements from the Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, and Les Brown libraries.

The NWMSC group was organized in 1955, and according to Mr. Moss, it has progressed immensely; and this year's group nearly meets professional standards.

Recent activities of the Jazz Group have been a trip to Stanton, Iowa Stage Band Contest, and a two day tour of the area high schools.

Press Club to Meet

The Press Club will hold a special meeting Thursday, April 5, at 4 p.m. in the MISSOURIAN office, 109 Colden Hall.

All interested in membership should attend this meeting.

Business of the meeting will be concerned with the final core membership list.

In April and June follow-up campaigns in home communities will be held to improve teenage diets. The project is in connection with the national physical fitness program.

Hunt for Ugly Man Continues

Thirteen candidates have filed for the Ugly Man election to be held April 11-12, according to Richard T. Smith, APO president.

The contest, with separate competition in student and faculty divisions, will be held in conjunction with the Spring Carnival, April 13, to raise money for the Student Loan Fund. Voting, to be conducted in the Den, will be on the basis of money donated for each candidate for the fund.

The winner will be announced at the carnival during the variety show. Campus organizations will provide booths, sideshows, and games for the entertainment of the student body before the show.

Pictures of the candidates will be on display in the Colden Hall showcases along with the Ugly Man keys to be awarded. Both the election and the carnival are being conducted by Alpha Phi Omega.

compiled bibliographies of favorite books which they have read during the unit of study.

Karen Holmes, Evelyn Nash, and Duane Iwen, students in library practice, have assisted in the instruction.

Lyddon, Smith Meadows Win Student Posts

Ivan Lyddon, independent candidate, was elected student body president in the election held Friday, March 23.

Other candidates elected were Jim Meadows, vice-president, and Richard T. Smith, union board chairman. All candidates elected are juniors and members of the independent ticket.

Lyddon defeated Earl Boyd, Phi Sigma Epsilon, and Harold Gentry, Sigma Tau Gamma, for the office. He succeeds Joe Merrigan, senior.

Senators elected were Dixie Gomel and Carolyn Holst, juniors; Barbara Combs and Don Soper, sophomores; Mildred Cockrell and Robert Cornelison, freshman.

The active campaign proved to be positive factor in raising school spirit, as 1444 students turned out to vote. This is the heaviest percentage of student voting in recent years.

Coed Attends Chicago Meet

Miss Norma Hunsicker, sophomore home economics major, is one of eight Missourians chosen to attend a "Food for Youthpower Conference" this week in Chicago.

Selected on the basis of her related food work, she will tour the food processing plants in Chicago and have workshops by resource people in food work and nutrition.

In April and June follow-up campaigns in home communities will be held to improve teenage diets. The project is in connection with the national physical fitness program.



Local Quartet To Play At Collegiate Festival

by Ivan Lyddon

NWMSC WILL BE represented at the 1962 Collegiate Jazz Festival by the Andrews-Dempsey Quartet, April 6-7, at the University of Notre Dame.

The fourth annual festival will host groups from such schools as Northwestern, Air Force Academy, Indiana University, North Texas State University, and many others.

Musicians

The quartet from Maryville is composed of Joyce Dille, vocalist; John Andrew, string bass; Gary Dempsey, piano; and J. C. Combs, drums. The style ranges from commercial jazz to society jazz and includes a variety of show tunes and novelty numbers.

Entering the contest at Notre Dame, the quartet will vie for such prizes as scholarships, trophies, and instruments. Judging in the competition will be done by a list of men including Charles Suber, president of the American Music Foundation, and Don Demichael, Editor of DOWN BEAT.

Members of the local group have a long list of playing experience behind them and they should prove to be a fine representation of NWMSC. At the present time the group is booking for summer engagements.

Swingin' Music

This reporter was fortunate enough to hear sample recordings of the group and his comment is "good, really good." Then, last Sunday the opportunity arose to hear them in-person and now he says, "Great, really great."

So, speaking for the students of Northwest Missouri State, here's wishing you the best. Good Luck!

Phi Sig-Sigma Mixer

The Phi Sigma Epsilon fraternity was host to the Sigma Sigma Sigma sorority at a mixer held Tuesday evening, March 20, at 8 p.m. in the PSE chapter room. Jo Ellen Elam and Joanne Lee sang vocal duets.

Literary Edition

NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN

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THE COLLEGE OATH

"We will never bring disgrace to this, our College, by any act of cowardice or dishonesty. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the College. We will revere and obey the College laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in others. We will transmit this College to those who come after us, greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

Reflection

... a forest pool,
Form'd by the melting of snow...
A tiny depression, filled with crystalline innocence
Through which shine golden leaves and fresh-greening grass,
Caught in unmoving purity.

I knew, years past, such a pool...
It gave me back an unformed face, soft in the contours of
childhood.
I knelt to touch its clarity, its tranquillity—
My childish fingers, seeking, disturbed the surface and de-
stroyed my image. —Sharon Byers

The Day of The Trial

When Ellen walked to work that morning, she saw the men gathering in the courthouse square and remembered the rumor that they intended to lynch that "black-hearted devil" that Saturday.

It was such a bright fresh April day that she had almost skipped the eight blocks to her job at the City Hall. The sight of the crowd changed that feeling. How could people be so calculatingly cruel, Ellen wondered.

The authorities had taken the prisoner to another county once to save him from a mob. Ellen wondered if he had been moved again or if they intended to bring him to trial. She felt angry at it all. I'm on the other side, she told herself; these people are murderers.

She remembered how when she was nine her mother had found her praying that God wouldn't let any rabbits be caught in her brother's traps.

Mother had said, "Now don't feel bad if God doesn't answer your prayer."

Ellen was still proud of her answer, "Oh, God will do it; I've already smashed the traps." Now she whispered a prayer for the prisoner.

Scraps of talk fell on her ears as she threaded her way through the crowd:

"Bet that 'black-hearted devil's sweating in his cell."

"Wonder how old Bob looks? Him and me went to school together. Not quite bright: Never woulda thought he'd kill anyone."

"He looks like a man with a black eye," laughed another. "Kid hit him with a rock through the bars yesterday and he's got quite a mouse."

The word mouse turned Ellen's thoughts to her problem for the day. Since the other workers in city hall had discovered that she was deathly afraid of mice, her life had been miserable. By experiment they learned that she was even fearful of a handkerchief labelled mouse over a wad of paper; and now, nearly every Saturday, her desk had such a trick on it. She always resolved to face it and move the handkerchief, but never could. Today in her new frilly dress she didn't feel the least bit brave.

Her fiance was waiting for her at the steps of the City Hall.

"Rick, do you suppose they're really going to kill that man?" she asked him.

"I think they will. Those men in the jail aren't going to fire on their friends and neighbors."

"But he's entitled to a fair trial."

"He didn't give Pam Richards a trial before he killed her."

"Somebody ought to care about justice!" snapped Ellen.

"There's just one chance. They say if you stop the leader of the mob, you can stop the mob. But who will bell the cat?"

Ellen squeezed his hand and hurried up the steps to work. Martinville was a town she loved; since she was town clerk, mayor's secretary and police matron, she felt like it belonged to her, but it was letting her down.

She had always felt it was a neighborly town but today there was an ugliness about the people she didn't understand and didn't like.

The crowd was made up of men, and she had never before known a time when she didn't feel able to deal with a mere man; today she understood the difference between men and a mob.

The prisoner, Bob, had lived alone on an acreage about

Discontent

This world is much too small for me—
There must be other worlds to see—
Beyond the knowledge of my mind
There must be other worlds to find.

There must be grander things to view,
And greater, better things to do;
Some other, higher goal to gain,
And progress to obtain.

Beyond my scope of dreams I hear
Adventure calling loud and clear,
Excitement waiting just for me;
There must be other worlds to see—

—Kristin Johnson

Spring

Spring comes, trailing robes of soft green,
And weeping sad-sweet tears
Over earth's brown pages
As a woman might weep
Over the pages of an old love letter.

She comes softly, slowly,
As a mother enters her sleeping child's room.
And where she steps,
Living things come from hiding
To scatter their beauty over the world.

Spring comes walking.

—Sherrie Hartman

The Haunting Night

O're the distant hills the sun was setting
Gently into a bed of purple cloud,
Which covered it as if some mournful shroud
Were draped around it, and the wind fretting
Was blending with the restless fearful scene.
The moon rising above the lonely hills
Spread ghostly light among the hidden hills.
And so came the night, fearful and lean.
This night so different from the other nights
No warmth, no peace, no gentle nighttime
balm.

The scent of roses faded from the air
And with it gone the usual soothing calm.
The mourning winds breathe out a tense be-
ware.
The haunting night stretches forth its palm.

—Janice Faith Harman

Sonnet to What's Her Name

Oh, if you had the wings of a swallow,
If you had the voice of a dove,
If your hair was a halo of sunbeams,
And your eyes like the stars up above,
If your cheeks were the color of rose buds,
And your teeth like the pearls of the sea,
If you had all these things, my darling,
What a queer looking creature you'd be.

—Elnora Nebola

The Temple

There is a temple in the field
Which I go to at night.
I go where no one else can see
Away from people's sight.

I go in secret for to praise
A God that I adore;
A God who is my hope and life,
My love, and so much more.

With folded hands I ask my
God
These blessings to impart:
Clear-mindedness and His
great strength
To fortify my heart.

In truth the field is my own
clay
The temple is my heart:
And here my God will always
dwell
And never will depart.

—Darlene Schmidt

Rain Is Falling

Gently from the sky
The rain is falling;
Gently, like a petal from a
rose
Falls to the earth, thus does
the rain
Drop slowly on the meadows
green
Washing dust away to leave
A sparkling, bright new world.

Silently from silver skies
The rain is falling;
Silently, like darkness falls,
So falls the rain upon my
face—
Or is it tears? I cannot tell.
Gently and silently—all is
grey,
The rain is falling.

—Kristin Johnson

Dimensions

Allinaheapinthebottomofahole
Laymylifeuntill
You

Gave my soul a song
And my heart a hope
And my whole

World

BRIGHT

NEW

DIMENSIONS

—Jeannie Morris

For once no one laughed.

Literary Edition

Life or Death

Marie was doing the ironing when the alarm sounded. She jumped a little, even though she had been expecting it for days now. She methodically unplugged the iron and went into Timmy's room, where he was sleeping. For a few moments she looked tenderly at his innocent face—the blonde, wavy curls and the faint suggestion of a smile which crowned his lips.

She brought herself back from the moment of reverie and shook the little boy gently but urgently. "Timmy, it's time," she said.

Timmy's sleepy blue eyes widened, mirroring Marie's, as he asked, "The time, Mommy?"

"Yes, son—"the time."

Marie took her son's hand and led him outside. She pulled the door shut and heard its metallic voice ring with finality. For one precious moment she viewed the ten-o'clock scene—the spring weather was beginning to bud lilacs. It was beautiful—but it was time. With a firm tread she descended the steps of the combination cellar-fallout shelter.

There was no need to worry. Jim had foreseen every possible mishap, and the shelter was well supplied. There were playthings for Timmy, and books, games, and Do-It-Yourself Kits, offering hours of occupation.

Jim would be safe in the huge shelter built by the company for its employees. Still, she wished that he could have been with her. She needed his quiet assurance, for a great fear had settled upon her—it was as though someone had draped a heavy dark mantle across her shoulders. Perhaps it was the unusual silence of the underground shelter which bothered her, for she was accustomed to a vast array of sounds—insect serenades, bird calls, and the wind whispering.

Minutes slouched into hours. Timmy had gone to sleep, but he tossed restlessly, and the little-boy face seemed to have aged.

"It isn't fair," Marie thought. "He's such a little boy . . . What kind of life will he face—what kind of world will we live in?"

The radio didn't help much. Reassuring nothings were broadcast, but no real information was given. It was said that the vast majority of people in the outlying regions of the attack area had made it safely underground, and that government officials of the contending nations were trying to reach a settlement in order to prevent further damage.

Just what damage had already been committed Marie did not know, but some unspoken fear in the announcer's voice caused her to tremble. Meanwhile, everyone was warned to remain underground.

The days passed somehow, and Marie became used to the shelter. Both she and Timmy were listless. Toys and books had lost their appeal. Marie tried to raise their morale, but the silence pressed in upon her—silence and fear.

"Couldn't we go out now, Mommy? Please?"

Tears rushed to Marie's eyes but she held them back. "Not yet, Timmy. Just a little while longer."

The radio had said at least two more weeks. Marie closed her eyes and in her mind she saw again the outdoors the way it had been on the day they had entered the shelter. She looked about her and the dreaded thought would not be shoved aside. She gazed around the tomb-like shelter, and the words tumbled into her mind—words which were to her fulfilled, "We will bury you."

When Skies Were Grey

When skies were grey,
And midst was lightly falling,
I thought, my dear,
I heard you softly calling.
Telling me of love,
And joy, and sorrow,
Promising a happier tomorrow.
And sure enough,
When morning came to meet
me,
The sun was shining warm
And bright to greet me.
So now when days are dark
And skies are grey,
And you, my love,
Seem very far away,
I recall advice
With which I was endowed,
That a silver lining lies
In every cloud.

—Kristin Johnson

Void

Seen thru drifting haze
The empty, laughing faces
Waver and blur.

Seen thru the drifting haze
The faces are mirrored
Voids.

Heard thru drifting haze
The voices are hollow.
Empty! Chattering—
So they will not know themselves
To be empty.

Until the drifting haze
Shall cover them
And even their emptiness
Will be gone.

—Sherrie Hartman

Orchestration

High in the treetops the wind begins
A little theme, soft as trilled oboes,
Flings it high in a shower of glitter
On a harp of filagreed branches.
Then dark trees, like shadowy cellos,
Sing a deep, secret melody to the empty night.

—Pat Fletcher

The Choice

Mid-semester time is near—
Those term exams I greatly fear,
My study habits before this time
Have not been so extremely fine.

Girls are all busy on Saturday night,
Too young to buy booze—oh what a plight.
My car won't run so I can't go home,
Out of money and no where to roam.

Income tax emptied my account,
Left nothing but a negative amount.
I forgot to vote in all the fun,
My candidate lost the vote by one.

If this be glorious college life,
With nine more weeks of trying strife,
I've really been given the blasted shaft
To have chosen this instead of the draft!

—Roger Caudle

Sleep Song

Sleep is a vagabond with many faces;
Disguised in many ways he comes
To envelop each with his embraces.
Quietly he eases joy or sorrow—and numbs
The mind to envelop our all.

Sleep is a vagabond in masquerade
Who comes to the summons of our mind's
tired call
And eases our earthly, rushing parade
Of human demands and ways.

O welcome sleep—to the weary soul
Is a boon of comfort from busy days
A rest from the world—a peaceful knoll.
A greater sleep we'll one day know
Whose arms will take us where we go.

Irene Hawley

The Ice Storm

Slowly falls the freezing mist
transforming each and every
hill
Into a wonderland of glass—
a mystic land, cold and still.

Each twig upon the branching
elm
boasts a crystal coating clear
And even the old windmill
has a ghostly icy leer

The old wire fence has dis-
appeared;
where it stood, a strip of lace
Spreads across the glassy
lawn
casting enchantment o'er the
place.

Then suddenly the gray clouds
pass
and the freezing mist grows
slow.
The sun peers thru foggy
clouds
to spread forth its warm rich
glow.

The gloomy world now bright-
ens
as the sun's warm beams
grow bold.
And the icy frozen land
becomes magnificent to be-
hold.
A million brilliant diamonds
now adorn the tall elm tree.
And the rusty old windmill
is a dazzling sight to see.

The lacy fence now sparkles
like a fairy's magic gown,
And the shiny willows hang
Gently their weighted branch-
es down

But soon beneath the warm
sunshine
quickly shall vanish the icy
fairyland.
And the glittering ice shall
disappear
As if swept away by some
mighty hand.

Winter Trees

Winter trees
Standing with branches
Stiffly upthrust
Like fingers

Fingers!
Jabbing, poking fingers
In the soft belly of the sky

Poke! Jab!! Thrust!
Till the sky writhes
And heaves in agony

Fingers!
Ugly fingers
In the soft belly of the sky

—Sherrie Hartman

PATRONIZE NORTHWEST
MISSOURIAN ADVERTISERS



College Queens choose Artcarved

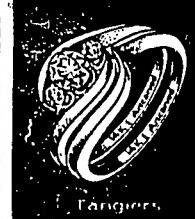
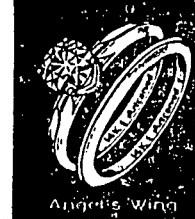
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Third and Main

Bearcat Netmen Seek Fourth Straight Crown

Weather permitting, the Bearcat tennis squad will open the 1962 home net season Friday, April 6 against Nebraska the 1962 home net season Friday, April 6, against Nebraska

The Bearcats have garnered the MIAA tennis crown four out of the last five years, and have currently won it three seasons in succession. During those past five seasons, the 'Cat netters have compiled a 35-won and 5-lost record, discounting tournament play.

Thus far, nine hopefuls, Larry Abbott, John Bregin, Merle Corley, Jim Kelker, John Kelley, Doug Mossberg, Larry Piper, Neil Reynolds, and Wayne Mains have reported to the tennis team coached by Bob Gregory.

FOUR LETTERMEN

Of the nine aspirants, four are lettermen. Heading this list of monogram-winners is John Bregin, a senior from St. Joseph. Bregin has won the MIAA singles-championship for three seasons in a row; he was also the singles-winner in the Graceland Tournament held last year.



John Bregin

Other lettermen are John Kelley, a junior from Sioux City, Iowa; Larry Piper, a sophomore from St. Joseph, and MIAA singles-runnerup two years ago; and Neil Reynolds, also from St. Joseph, and the MIAA runner-up last season.

Bregin and Piper are the number one and two men in the singles-division according

to Coach Gregory. These two are teamed-up to form the first-string doubles-duo.

COMPETITION

Gregory revealed that a stiff battle for the third, fourth, and fifth singles-positions is being raged among Reynolds, Mossberg, and Kelley. Reynolds and Mossberg will make-up the second doubles-unit.

Although the 'Cats lost Jack Freese, via graduation, and Andy Cerio, who did not return this year, Coach Gregory is looking forward to a lot of help from freshmen Mossberg, Abbot, and Corley.

PROSPECTS

Sizing up the squad, Coach Gregory commented, "This year's team has better all-around balance and greater depth in the latter positions than did last year's group. Our schedule has been increased to ten matches besides three tournaments; we will certainly have to work very hard to repeat as conference champions again."

All home matches start at 2:00.

MU Sponsors Home Ec Meet

Attending the annual meeting of the Missouri Home Economics Association, March 30-31, were three faculty members and eight Northwest Missouri State College home economics majors.

NWMSC was represented by Miss Mabel Cook, chairman of the department; and Mrs. Virginia Bouska and Mrs. Scott Sawyers; and members of Collecon and Kappa Omicron Phi.

Mary Kneale and Mariann Hoffman talked on Kappa Omicron Phi, at a breakfast Saturday in the Student Union.

REMINDER

The Homecoming Committee is meeting every Monday at 4 p.m.

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you need for school . . .

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CONDON'S CORNER DRUG

Bowling Matches Now In Progress

Intramural bowling tournament play opened first-round competition Tuesday, March 20, at Nodaway Lanes.

Large Turn-out

There were forty-six teams entered, with the Phi Sigs' having 15 teams, Sig' Taus' 13, Tke's 11, Phi Lambs' 6, and Independents, 1.

The tournament is a round-robin affair with the winner of each league having a roll-off to determine the final winner. The winning team will receive a trophy signifying the championship.

Other awards given will be medals for the high-game and for the high-series.

Phi Sigs' Lead

After the first week of bowling, Phi Sigma Epsilon leads with a 22-won and 8-lost record. They are followed by Sigma Tau Gamma with a 15-13 mark.

Tau Kappa Epsilon ranks third at 8-14, followed by Phi Lambda Chi, 4-8, and Independents, 1-3.

High Game

The high game after the first week of play was rolled by Ken Sheriden for the Sig' Tau Stubs. High 2-game series was bowled by Moe Coeffman of the Sig' Tau Raiders at 394.

The high team game (694) and high team series (1303) was completed by the Alley Cats, composed of Bill Burch, Rich Olenius, Dick Fuller, and Bob Thomas, competing for the Phi Sigs'.

Supervisor Speaks to Pi Omega Pi Meeting

Don Johnson, state supervisor of education, was the guest speaker at the regular meeting of the Pi Omega Pi held Wednesday afternoon, March 4.

Johnson spoke on the requirements for certification of teachers in the state of Missouri.

The next meeting will be the initiation of new pledges into active membership to be held today.

Chalk Talk . . . Bob Cobb

In recent years, finding a conference athletic champion at NWMSC has been nearly as unique as discovering an Abominable Snowman in Florida, but we can boast of one bona-fide MIAA king; he is John Bregin, senior tennis ace.

3 Year Champ

The blonde netster from St. Joe. has emerged victoriously as the MIAA tennis champ for three consecutive seasons, and we are looking forward for a repeat performance again this year.

Bregin was also the Grace Land Tournament victor last spring. Three seasons ago, he captured the NCAA Regional Singles-Championship.

Wrestling

Although our wrestlers were eliminated early in the National, Wrestling Mentor, H. D. Peterson feels that their recent trip to Stillwater, Oklahoma was beneficial and quite educational.

Peterson said, "All in all, our wrestlers gave a good account of themselves considering the caliber of competition they faced." The wrestlers representing NWMSC at the NCAA tourney were Dave Moore, Ralph Messerli, and Larry Timmerman.

The Stillwater voyage also gave two old friends a chance to renew acquaintances. Athletic Director Milner visited there with OSU basketball coaching great, Hank Iba, also a former NWMSC mentor.

LIFE

with the

BEARCATS

Engagements

Janie Jarrett to Nelson England
Louise Stolting, grad, to Robert L. Fine, grad
Sandra Harvey and Joseph P. Heater, former NWMSC student
Margaret Walker to Larry Lee Larson

Marriages

Sharon Lynette to Donald Eugene Walk
Carol Lee Bugg to Pvt. Richard Borngesser

Pinnings

Jack Kelly to Terri Herring
Richard Houck to Jean Benfield.



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